

The History of

Cozen, on Wednesday next, our Councill we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to us againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.
Weſt. I will, my Liege.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Exeunt.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and
unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon Benches
after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a devill haſt thou to
doe with the time of the day? Unleſſe houres were cups of
Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds,
and Dials the ſignes of leaping-Houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne
himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no
reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time
of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take
Purſes, goe by the Moon and ſeven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*,
he that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge,
when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould
ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be pro-
logue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the
dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the
ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of
good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble
and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; under whoſe countenance we
ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holds well too, for the for-
tune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like
the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe

Henry the Fourth.

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Mun-
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got
with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in
as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as
high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is not my Ho-
ſteſſe of the Taverne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*: my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is
not a Buffe Jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and
thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe
Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of
the Taverne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, I'le give thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prince. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coynes would ſtretch
and where it would not, I have uſ'd my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that were it not heere apparant that
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be
Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſo-
lution thus ſnub'd as it is with the ruſty crab of old father an-
tick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theeſe

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare by the Lord! I'le be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou judgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt have the
hanging of the Theeves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it jumpes with my
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman ha-
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb-Cat,
a lugd-Bear.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a lovers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy

Moore